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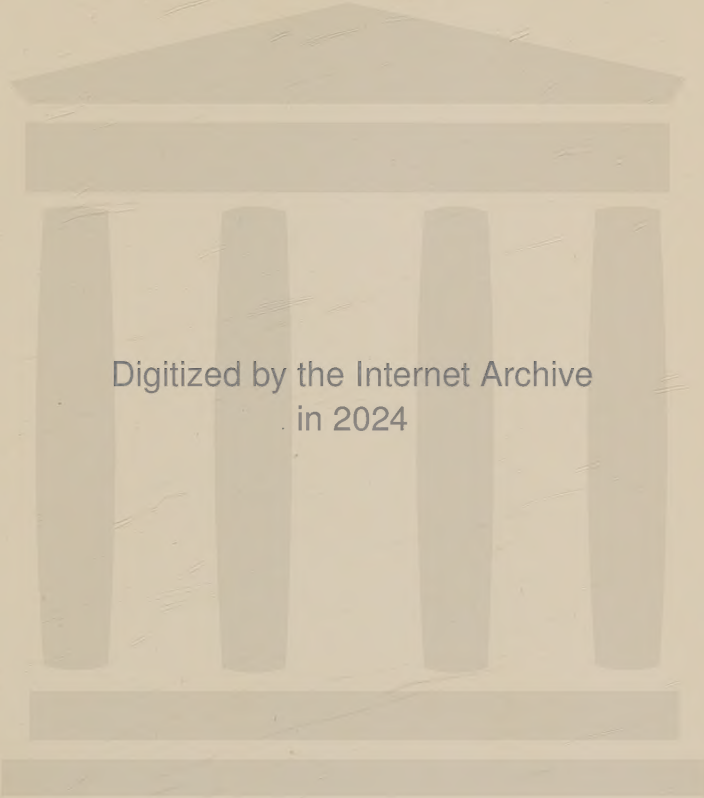
In Memoriam
Sandford Hunt

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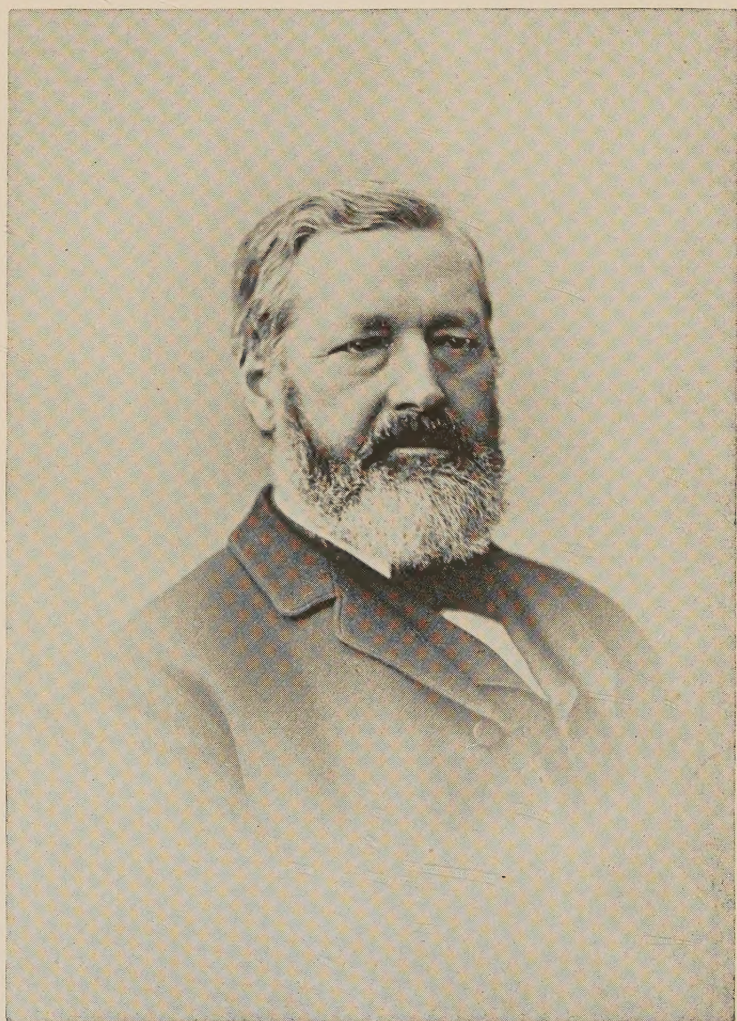


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In Memoriam

Sandford Hunt

1896

SANDFORD HUNT was born in Eden Valley, N. Y., April 1, 1825; was converted at fifteen; graduated at Allegheny College in 1847, from which institution he received his doctorate in 1871. He joined the Genesee Conference in August, 1847, and was stationed at Franklinville, N. Y. His subsequent appointments were: 1848-49, Ellicottville; 1850, Niagara Falls; 1851-52, Royalton; 1853-54, Rushford; 1855-56, Pekin; 1857-58, Grace Church, Buffalo; 1859-60, St. Mark's, Buffalo; 1861-62, Perry; 1863, Albion; 1864-65, Presiding Elder of the Niagara District; 1866-67, Niagara Street, Lockport; 1868-69, Batavia; 1870-71, Delaware Avenue, Buffalo; 1872-74, Presiding Elder of the Niagara District; 1875-79, Presiding Elder of the Buffalo District. In 1868-73 he was secretary of the Genesee Conference. For one year during the war he served as secretary of the United States Christian Commission for western New York, and twice visited the army. On March 3, 1879, he was elected junior Book Agent at New York, in the place of Reuben Nelson, deceased, and was reelected by the General Conferences of 1880, 1884, 1888. In 1889 he became senior Agent on the death of J. M. Phillips, and was reelected by the General Conference of 1892. He was a member of the General Conference of 1868, was a reserve delegate in 1872, and was a member of the five Conferences from 1876 to 1892, inclusive. He was also a member-elect of the Conference of 1896. Thrice he was elected at the head of his delegation. In 1847 he married Margaret May, daughter of the Rev. Hiram May, a member of the Genesee Conference. He wrote a history of Methodism in Buffalo, two volumes on religious corporations, and various miscellaneous papers. As senior Agent at New York he was treasurer of the Missionary Society from January, 1889, until his decease. He died at Cincinnati, O., February 10, 1896.

In Memoriam

Sandford Hunt

An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all.—*Lyte*.

THE funeral services of Dr. Hunt were held in Cincinnati, where he suddenly died while absent from home on official work; in Brooklyn, where he had resided during his agency at the Book Concern; and in Buffalo, the place of his earlier ministerial work.

On Tuesday afternoon, February 11, 1896, the members of the Book Committee and other friends gathered at the Grand Hotel in Cincinnati to pay their united tribute to the memory of their honored associate. Professor W. F. Whitlock, D.D., of the Ohio Wesleyan University, read the ninetieth Psalm and the fourteenth chapter of St. John. The hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," was announced by Homer Eaton, D.D., and was sung "with tearful pathos." Prayer was offered by W. V. Kelley, D.D., for eight years Dr. Hunt's pastor in Brooklyn; and the benediction was pronounced by L. C. Queal, D.D., of the Central New York Conference. The following day, under the escort of Dr. Kelley, the remains were carried to the late home of Dr. Hunt in Brooklyn.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 12, an informal memorial service was held by the Book Committee, in Cincinnati.

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ALLES

After an appropriate hymn, announced by the chairman, W. F. Whitlock, D.D., prayer was offered by J. E. C. Sawyer, D.D. The report of the special committee on memorial resolutions* was then read by Mr. E. B. Tuttle, and was unanimously adopted; brief addresses, "interspersed with sweet triumphant hymns," were made by Drs. Eaton, Cranston, Queal, Curts, Palmer, Edwards, Schell, J. D. Hammond, Matthew, Gray, E. W. S. Hammond, and by Mr. Clem Studebaker; and the service was concluded with the benediction by the Rev. Dr. R. S. Rust.

Services in Brooklyn

THE funeral services in Brooklyn were held at St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, Bedford Avenue, on the afternoon of Saturday, February 15, 1896, and were in charge of the pastor, J. W. Johnston, D.D. The church was filled with personal friends of Dr. Hunt and his family, with employees of the Book Concern in New York, with pastors from all sections of the Metropolitan District and beyond, and with official representatives from most of the great departments of Church work.

The pallbearers were Drs. J. M. Reid, J. M. King, A. D. Vail, and Messrs. John French, E. B. Tuttle, G. G. Reynolds, G. H. Hunt, J. H. Taft, J. S. McLean, F. W. Young, Daniel Denham, Willis McDonald, A. H. Creagh.

Hymn 654, "My Jesus, as thou wilt," was read by the pastor, and was sung by the congregation, led by the church quartette, after which A. S. Hunt, D.D., Secretary of the American Bible Society, offered the following prayer:

O God our heavenly Father, we have come to thy courts at thy bidding, that we may worship thee. Our hearts are heavy, for we

* See page 51.

are bereaved. Our hearts are glad, for we believe in Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. We thank thee for blessed memories which come to us at this hour. We thank thee for hopes reaching down into the unseen future; and, O Lord, we pray that at the very opening of these services it will please thee to give us thy Holy Spirit. Let us be directed and comforted by the assurance of thy presence. We truly believe in the Holy Ghost; and we believe thy promise is true, that thou art more willing to give the Holy Spirit to those who ask than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children. Our chief cry is, at the opening of this service, Breathe upon us the Holy Spirit; quicken our faith; give us strong, unwavering confidence in thyself as our Father who never errs, whose wisdom is infinite, whose love is immeasurable. This, O Lord, we do believe; and we worship thee for thy goodness and thy wisdom at this hour.

We thank thee, O Lord, for thy Church; for its institutions, its ordinances, its associations. We thank thee for the good that is being accomplished through the various instrumentalities of thy Church among men. Above all, we thank thee for the Christian characters which have been unfolded through these Christian centuries; and for the broad and rich and loving evidences we ourselves have seen, in those with whom we have had fellowship, of the grace of Christ in the souls of men.

We thank thee, O Lord, that our brother who has now passed from our earthly fellowship very early gave his heart to thee. We thank thee that through a long life thou hast been near to him—his guide, his support. We thank thee for his careful consideration of all the interests which it pleased thee to commit to his oversight. We thank thee for the poise of his nature; for his quiet, firm, unwavering trust in thee; and for his quiet, firm, unwavering fidelity to duty.

O Lord, let our hearts this day be made glad because of such a gift to the Church; and while we wait here may we find that our hearts are being greatly comforted. Thou art the God of comfort; thou hast been pleased to style thyself "the God of all comfort." Comfort those this day who are especially bereaved. Touch their

hearts and lift them up. Nay, fill them with thy love; and may those who have been most sorely bereaved by this sudden visitation feel so thoroughly sustained, so greatly comforted, that they shall know through all these days which are just before them—shall know, as they sit in this house—that the God who loves us is near to do them the good they need. Bless the Church, bless the great Missionary Society, bless all who have been identified with thy departed servant in work and in fellowship, bless this hour as thou only canst bless it; and may we go to our homes trusting in thee more fully than ever—fully consecrated to any service which it may please thee to appoint us, and ready, also, if it shall please thee to give us a summons like unto that which our brother has received. May we be ready to live and ready to die, and then ready to live eternally with Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Scripture lessons were the ninetieth Psalm, read by the Rev. H. A. Buttz, D.D., President of Drew Theological Seminary, and a portion of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, read by the Rev. A. B. Leonard, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. Hymn 993, "It is not death to die," was read by the Rev. A. K. Sanford, D.D., and was sung. Bishop E. G. Andrews then made the following address :

Bishop Hurst passed through the city this morning, unaware when he entered it that the funeral of Dr. Hunt was to be at this hour. Unable to be present, he writes me the following note:

MY DEAR BISHOP:

Having an engagement which I cannot escape, I am compelled to be absent from the funeral of our dear Dr. Hunt. I grieve with you and his family and many friends in this hour of bereavement. Dr. Hunt was a noble, strong, symmetrical character. His mind was of such quality that he saw, as by intuition, the best course in difficult crises. Our Church is greatly bereaved by his departure. He leaves no enemies, and our whole Church is stronger because of the noble inheritance we have in his grand career. Yours truly,

JOHN F. HURST.

The services for the dead are by common consent religious services. At other times we may confine ourselves to the discussion of the qualities and relations which insure success on this field of time. But, standing in the presence of the dead, inevitably the human soul—in these Christian lands and in heathen lands also—is filled with a religious awe. The sense of dependence upon some unseen and almighty power; the awfulness and the mystery of death itself; the connections, the possible connections, at least, between the character, the life which has been, and the life which is to be and which has been entered upon by those whom we mourn—these impel all men at such hours to turn themselves with more or less of prayerfulness toward the heavenly One. And particularly is this true among Christian people. For to us has come the distinct revelation that the life which is to be is closely connected and dependent upon the life that now is; that the character, the worth, the achievements of these passing hours are the decisive facts in the far-reaching life which lies before us. And so when Christian men stand in the presence of their dead they must, and do, bethink themselves of God and accountability and character and a possible eternal salvation. This afternoon we cannot but pray that we may be taught so to “number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.” We supplicate together,

O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

And this is a religious service, not simply because of this profound connection between the two lives and the two worlds, but because, farther than that, it is our unspeakable privilege to-day to speak one to another words of divine comfort; to remember Him who said, “I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” Blessed be God, who giveth us this consolation and strong hope!

It was four weeks ago this afternoon that, leaving my office at the close of my day's work, I paused, on my way to the street, in the office of Dr. Hunt. The usual kindly, cordial greetings passed between us. "Where do you preach to-morrow?" said he. "I have no engagement. The engagement I had has been adjourned." "Can't you take my place? I am to preach at the Old People's Home in Brooklyn, and I am so tired with this work of the missionary office, as well as my other work, that I don't feel as if I could do it." I said that I would gladly relieve him. But it was agreed that, if the storm should be excessive, I was to be excused from going over. It stormed somewhat, but not enough to detain me. I found my way to the Home, and I found Dr. Hunt there before me; for, such was his anxiety that nothing should interfere with that simple service, that he felt he must be at hand to fill the engagement if I should not be there. He chose for himself the fourteenth chapter of St. John's gospel for the lesson. He read it with no very elaborate or painful emphasis, but clearly and tenderly and impressively. He prayed a prayer of unusual faith and love, as it seemed to me. I preached, having previously selected my text from this same fourteenth chapter: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." And it will be one of the tender memories of my life that this loved and honored brother, sitting at my side, had that afternoon an open soul toward the Source of all our good, and was filled, as his tearful eyes and oft-repeated responses indicated, with the peace which Christ gives. And the larger peace, I doubt not, has now come to him—a peace which shall be ruffled by no storm, darkened by no cloud, disturbed by no anxiety. He rests forever, I doubt not, with his divine Lord and helper.

But his whole life had been a preparation for that peace which, we trust, he now enjoys. It happened to him to be born in a Christian family, and by the law of heredity he must have inherited results in character and ability such as might not otherwise have come to him. And since he not only fell into a Christian family, but was descended from two generations, at least, of a faithful

Methodist family—a family which had opened its doors frequently for the presence of Bishop Asbury—it could hardly be otherwise but that in early life he should become, not only a Christian, but a Methodist and a firm and loyal member of the Church of his ancestry. He was born in western New York; he was reared on a farm—a very good training for compacting the muscle and giving the body that was afterward to bear such heavy burdens the requisite basis for continued mental activity. At fifteen years of age the divine truth and Spirit so touched him that he reckoned from that time his conversion to God and his service in the divine kingdom. With the conversion seemed soon to come a sense of obligation to the ministry. He turned aside from the farm work to the school, and graduated from Allegheny College with distinguished honors. This was in the year 1847. Then twenty-two years of age, he married, and at once entered Conference. For these now nearly forty-nine years one unbroken career of faithful ministerial service has been his. He was pastor of ever-enlarging fields, and ever more difficult and important churches. He showed great skill in his pastoral work. He paid debts. He compacted societies. He founded that noble church in Buffalo which we know as the Delaware Avenue Church. He became presiding elder of the Buffalo District. There, twenty-one years ago, I first met him, and marked the carefulness, fidelity, and soundness of judgment with which he executed the great office committed to him. Seven times his brethren, becoming aware by degrees of his great value to the Church, sent him to the General Conference.

In 1876 he was selected by the delegates from his district as the member of the Book Committee; and in that Book Committee the same fidelity and the same financial skill which he had shown in the varied pastoral work given him so drew attention that, when Dr. Nelson “was not, for God took him,” Sandford Hunt was chosen to enter into the Agency, to take part with John M. Phillips, whose memory we tenderly recall at this hour, in the guidance of our great publishing interests. Shortly thereafter, some eight or ten years thereafter, when Brother Phillips passed away, Dr. Hunt was also made treasurer of the Missionary Society. How faithfully,

how wisely, how successfully he did the work thus assigned him others will subsequently say. We simply may say this, that as the years have gone on his skill seemed to grow, his success to enlarge, and the appreciation of his brethren to be continually increased.

But the years of such laborious service must draw toward a close. It will ever be a tender and delightful memory that the last few months of his life were marked with eminent tokens of appreciation on the part of the Church which he so faithfully served. Last September the Genesee Conference, of which he had been continually a member, held its annual session. Great questions of interest touching the polity of the Church came up for deliberation and for voting. He could not be untrue to his own convictions, and in that very large Conference of more than two hundred and fifty voters he stood up with eighteen in the minority. But his brethren knew how to honor him. On the next morning followed an election to the General Conference, and I believe he had over three fourths of the votes cast, so confident were those who knew him of the faithfulness of his character and of his wisdom as an administrator and legislator in the Church of Christ. Those of us who were at Denver last November, at the General Missionary Committee, remember with pleasure how there seemed to be a large deference to his opinions, and how the expression of his opinions was marked with a sweetness and elevation of tone such as we now delight to recall. And it is a pleasant thing to remember that, having left us some two or three weeks ago, having reached the South Carolina Conference and there spoken in behalf of the Book Room interests, having preached on Sunday in one of the colored churches, having taken part in the love feast on the morning of that Sabbath, and also having exhorted at the close of the Sabbath day, he passed on to the next Conference at Atlanta, and there in one speech, because there was no missionary secretary present, represented at some length the two great interests with the care of which he was charged. And thus ended his noble lifework.

What qualities gave him this eminence and success? I think the leading intellectual quality was his sobriety and soundness of judgment. He had not the poetic temperament nor the poetic quality

of some ; he had not the sparkling fancy, the striking and glowing imagination of others. Probably he could never have written poetry. Probably he could never have been a great popular orator, as we sometimes think of orators—men whose power is perhaps due to a little exaggeration and a little one-sidedness and a little in-
veracity. None of that belonged to this man. It was with a calm, level eye that he looked straight at things; and he must know what they were in themselves and what they were in their relations, and must state them according to such ability as God gave him. But we learned to think that his view of things was likely to be the correct one. The same wisdom which was vouchsafed to his predecessor in this great office, whom in memory we all so honor and love, was in no small measure his own also. Of course, that implied a certain judicial cast of mind which showed itself in the fact that when he came to write books, as he did, these books were upon the legal aspects of some parts of our Church life—the forms of corporations, the duties of trustees, the general interests of religious corporations; and some of us are intimately acquainted with the fact that in some great legal adjudications which took place touching Church properties in the western part of this State, and perhaps in Pennsylvania, he was not only profoundly interested, but was also specially active.

He was a conservative ; he could hardly avoid being that. He was not ashamed of it at all ; he realized, as all thinking men do, that the world makes its progress as the combined result of the conservatives, who hold to the good that has been, and of the progressives, who aspire to a better good hereafter. And he held fast to his views, and God owned many of them, as a study of the facts which now surround us seems to prove.

He was an industrious man. I remember that Bishop Foss, in speaking of Bishop Harris, said that he had a genius for work—a remark applicable to Bishop Harris more than to most men, because of his magnificent physical frame, so fitted to be the vehicle and instrument of his great and earnest soul. But Sandford Hunt had a steady, patient industry which made effective what faculty he had—that large degree of the peculiar faculty which God was

pleased to give him. By a faithful use of the plainer, more practical, and more useful qualities with which he was endowed he has largely contributed to the life and welfare of the Church, and much beyond that which is possible to those in whom there is something we may call great genius.

He was a man of inflexible integrity. I will not dwell upon that. He held to what was right and stood for it. He was a man of calm mind, patiently thoughtful ; but gentle also, and tender.

A pleasant thing it is to remember the daily greetings we had with him in the years that have gone ; and all was beautiful, ennobled, made possible, indeed, by an underlying and overarching faith in Almighty God revealed to men in Jesus Christ his Son. His religion was a deep thing—not emotional, but a principle ; perhaps not sufficiently expressive, for he was brought up in a region where, during his early life, there was such excess of excitement, such exaggeration of religious statement and of religious feeling, that thoughtful and wise men were liable to shrink back into too great silence. But those who knew him knew how underlying all his life was a supreme devotion to God, to Jesus Christ, and a calm rest of soul that embraced and held fast the promises of God.

Servant of God, well done !
Thy glorious warfare's past ;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

The Rev. Homer Eaton, D.D., the associate of Dr. Hunt in the Book Concern at New York, then gave the following address :

Returning to the office only this morning from the Book Committee meeting in Cincinnati, I had no thought that I should be called upon to speak to this assembly on this occasion ; and yet it is a melancholy pleasure for me to lay upon this coffin a wreath from my heart of love for the great and good man whose mortal remains lie before us.

On my way to Cincinnati on Tuesday morning last, while sitting

in the sleeper with the friends accompanying me waiting the call to breakfast in the dining car, a newsboy came through the train calling out the morning papers. Mr. Tuttle purchased the Cincinnati papers and laid them on our laps. We were chatting pleasantly together when one of the party, opening a paper and reading, soon dropped it, throwing up both his hands, and exclaimed, "Dr. Sandford Hunt fell dead on entering the Grand Hotel in Cincinnati, at eight o'clock last evening." The shock to me was the greatest nervous shock that I ever received, and for an hour or more I could hardly stand upon my feet; and for the two nights following sleep refused to come to my eyes or slumber to my eyelids.

On arriving at Cincinnati I went at once to the hotel and immediately to the room where my colleague lay in the quiet of his last sleep, and looked upon the face of my dead friend and business associate. On the afternoon of that day, and during the two days succeeding, the Book Committee held its annual meeting under the shadow of this sore bereavement, with great sadness in every heart and great solemnity on every face. Each man in that committee felt that he had lost a true and loving friend, and that the Church had lost an honored and useful servant. Resolutions were passed by the Book Committee which are printed on the slip I hold in my hand; but, because of the lateness of the hour, it is thought best that they should not be read here.* They are appreciative of Dr. Hunt's life, his character, and his work, as that life and character and work were exhibited before the men who had to do with the special trust which was committed to his care.

My personal acquaintance with Dr. Hunt began at the General Conference of 1880, in the city where he died. That General Conference made me a member of the Book Committee of the Church, and for eight consecutive years I was kept in that position. Dr. Hunt was at that time just entering upon his work as Agent of the Book Concern in New York; and therefore I was thrown into frequent contact with him during the eight years that I was on the Book Committee and was called upon to examine the work which he and his colleague were doing in the New York publishing house.

* See page 31.

Dr. Hunt grew upon me from the beginning; he seemed to be a broader and a greater man every time I met him; and I could not but observe, from the very beginning of my association with him in the Book Committee, that he was careful and painstaking and prudent in all he did in connection with our great publishing interests.

Seven years ago, when my very intimate personal friend, John M. Phillips, passed away from earth, the Book Committee honored me with an election to the place made vacant by his death; and for the last seven years I have been in the most intimate relations with Dr. Hunt. He ever grew upon me until the day he passed into the skies; and in my estimation he was greater on the day of his death than he had ever been before, and the Church honored him and loved him more than ever because he was better known. During all the time that I have sat by his side and worked with him in the office of the Book Concern he has been to me a brother; nay, rather, he has been to me like a father. Never in all these years has there been the slightest clash between us, never an unkind or heated word; always this man treated me with all the respect and love that a son might expect from a father, and I endeavored to treat him with all the respect and honor due to a father from a dutiful son. I mourn his death to-day as few outside his own immediate family can mourn. He has done his work in the Book Concern faithfully and well, looking into every detail of the business with the utmost carefulness. From early morning until late evening this man of God devoted himself to the work which the Church in its wisdom had committed to his hands.

I have never seen him in a more cheerful mood than when he left for the South two weeks ago. The figures of the year's business, which we had just gotten together, showed good results; and when these figures were placed before him his spirits rose most perceptibly, and he went away saying, "Now, you write out this report [the preliminary report accompanying the exhibit], and I will be satisfied with every word you write." And so saying, he went out of the office with the cheerfulness and elasticity of a boy, promising to meet me in Cincinnati a few weeks later. Thus we

parted, little thinking that we should never greet each other again in the flesh.

He has gone. He has laid down his trust. God grant that those who must take up the work which he has laid down may be as true and wise and faithful as he ! We shall see him again. Over in the great building yonder, where he has toiled so long and with so much diligence, when the hands of the clock reached twelve to-day, the machinery stopped ; it is silent now, and will not move again till Monday morning. As suddenly as the machinery stopped, when the hand of the engineer threw the lever, so suddenly did the pulsations of this great life cease their throbbings. Yet the beginning of another and a higher life waited not for twenty-four or thirty-six hours ; but from the place where he laid down his mortal life he went up to the immortal life beyond, to begin at once the activities of the higher and better world in the unveiled presence of his God. May we meet him there !

The Rev. C. C. McCabe, D.D., senior Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, then spoke as follows :

I must speak of Dr. Hunt as treasurer of the Missionary Society. He belonged to a long line of treasurers reaching far away back to 1820, when the entire income of the Missionary Society was eight hundred and twenty-three dollars. During the last four years of his administration it has required nearly four thousand dollars for every week day of the year to pay the missionaries and teachers and to support the schools and hospitals under the charge of this society—an outlay of almost five million dollars for the period. The little book in which the treasurer's account was kept seventy-six years ago has given place to the ponderous ledgers which are now in use by the Missionary Society. The treasurer must personally know all about these accounts. The money comes in and goes out. It comes in in sums ranging from ten cents to fifty thousand dollars, and each sum must be receipted for and entered upon the books of the society. It goes out through the drafts of the bishops for our home missions, and through the secretaries' bills of

exchange to our foreign missions. No matter how faithful the subordinates may be, the treasurer himself must know all about these accounts.

During the administration of Thomas Carlton, Reuben Nelson, John M. Phillips, and Sandford Hunt the treasurer has had a strong and faithful ally and helper in Daniel Denham, a man of superb integrity, fidelity, and accuracy. But this fact does not absolve the treasurer from the duty of knowing all about these accounts himself, and Treasurer Hunt did know. He was a man of great industry and remarkable memory. When dear Dr. Peck went home the business connected with lands and legacies fell to me, as the business connected with the Finance Committee fell to Dr. Leonard. In the past twelve years \$1,285,982 have come to the treasury through bequests and the sale of lands. These bequests range from fifty dollars—which may have been the gift of some poor woman who wished to remember the Missionary Society in her will—to the magnificent bequest of Brother Collins, of Brooklyn, who left us nearly one hundred thousand dollars. It was a constant marvel to me that Treasurer Hunt could carry so many cases in his mind. He seemed to study every one of them with the utmost care. I would sometimes sit down beside him and begin to tell him about some bequest, when he would interrupt me by saying, “O yes, I remember that. I have looked into that. I know all about it.” He had studied the laws of many States; he was thoroughly familiar with all legal forms; he seemed to know everything, to remember everything, and to be interested in everything. I was so impressed with his mastery of the situation that I never felt ready to act in any given case without his counsel; and after his counsel was obtained I never presumed to go contrary to it. And for all this study of titles and of deeds and of points of law in different States, and for all these hundreds of hours spent in committee work, how much compensation did Sandford Hunt receive? Not one dollar. All other great missionary societies make the treasurer's office a salaried office; but the treasurer of our society serves without other compensation than the joy of working for the Church he loves.

Treasurer Hunt was a Christian gentleman. It is pleasant to do business with such a man. He showed this, not only in his management of the finances of the Missionary Society, but also in the great interests of the Book Concern, in which he was the senior Agent. He was as polite to a clerk or to a working-man or working-woman as to a guest in his own home. There was no assumption of superiority. There was none of that unapproachable demeanor about him, and this is the best test of gentility. True gentility regards merit, and not wealth or position alone. We need such men at the head of the great enterprises of the Methodist Episcopal Church in these days of the grinding of the faces of the poor and the making of colossal fortunes through oppressing the hireling. The Methodist Book Concern ought to be a model for all other manufacturing establishments in this country. It may seem to some that this is sentiment and not business; but it is the Lord's business, and it ought to be the business of his Church to maintain a high standard of Christian fair dealing in the treatment of working people.

As treasurer of the Missionary Society Dr. Hunt had an unprecedented horror of debt. He did not lack sympathy with the work of missions; but he saw clearly that the surest way to ultimately retard and destroy our work in the mission fields is to pile up a great debt which must be carried in the banks at ruinous rates of interest. And he was right. If we had taken his advice in 1892 there would not be a debt of a quarter of a million dollars upon us to-day, and we would not be paying one thousand dollars every month for interest. In that year we were out of debt, with forty thousand dollars in the treasury. The Methodist Episcopal Church has its full share of men in the ministry who have great ability to get into debt and very little to get out; who start enterprises which they cannot carry through; and then the faithful, plodding, sensible men, who know that two and two make four even in the kingdom of heaven, have to come after them and repair the ruin they have wrought. We have men in places of great responsibility who always vote for the largest sum; who say, "Trust in God and go forward into debt." Such faith is misnamed. It is often not faith

at all. God does not honor it. It has cost us many thousands of dollars. With that kind of faith Dr. Hunt had no sympathy. It alarmed him; it started him to his feet. It would have been a much more pleasant thing, doubtless, to move with the tide, to vote with the "amens" and the "glories;" but this faithful man was ever ready to point out the danger of a colossal debt. He did not believe it was right for a great Church like ours to compel its missionary treasurer to depend upon bank directors to say whether the obligations of the Missionary Society should be honored or dishonored. They never have been dishonored; but no man can say they never will be, unless the counsels of such men as Treasurer Hunt shall control the future policy of the Missionary Society.

But men do not lose their power when they die. The influence they have attained on other souls becomes more potent than ever; and in the General Conference and General Committee the wise counsels and wise administration of Sanford Hunt will be remembered and will make themselves felt in the words and actions of others.

But it was as a Christian that Dr. Hunt most impressed me—as a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I wish I had an hour, instead of a few moments, to tell my estimate of the Christian character of this man. One could not be associated with him very long without realizing that the love of Christ was the dominant power of his soul. He was a man of spotless purity of thought and word. Never in all my intercourse with him have I heard him speak one word that could not be spoken in the presence of the King. He never spoke ill of anyone. When others did it he always relapsed into the silence that rebukes. The beautiful words of Bishop Capers seem suited to him:

Let me be tender when I touch
The meanest name to Jesus dear,
Lest my rude hand inflict a wound
Where Jesus' mercy drops a tear.

And he well illustrated the spirit of Paul's words to the Ephesians: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

When shall we see him again? Somewhere, sometime, on Mount Zion, in the heavenly Jerusalem, I shall meet him. And I shall know that that glorified saint is the same Sandford Hunt I used to know on earth. Let us, then, as we look upon this cold form to-day, reaffirm our creed, "I believe in the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting." This blessed creed, so full of divine consolation, is confirmed to our faith by the walk to Emmaus; by the scene in the upper chamber at Jerusalem; by the fact that the crucified and risen Saviour led his disciples out as far as Bethany, and then, while with lifted hands he blessed them, was taken from them and carried up into heaven. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

If anyone should ask me what is the most beautiful scriptural poem on earth my answer would be ready. It is a poem written by our own Lydia Huntley Sigourney, entitled "The Address of the Soul to the Body." The union of many years is about to be dissolved; the silver cord is about to be loosed; the golden bowl is about to be broken, when the spirit speaks and says to the body:

Companion dear! the hour draws nigh;
The sentence speeds—To die, to die.
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compelled,
How canst thou bear the dread decree
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?

To Him who, on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To him I look, to him I bend,
To him thy shuddering frame commend.

If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing brow, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turned thee pale,
Or scorned thee when thy strength did fail,
Forgive! forgive! Thy task doth cease,
Friend, lover, let us part in peace.

If thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,
Or lure from heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,
I blame thee not, the strife is done;
I knew thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrained to hold the breath of God.
Well hast thou in my service wrought;
Thy brow hast mirrored forth my thought;
To wear my smile thy lip hast glowed;
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed;
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done;
Thy feet upon mine errands run.

Yes, thou hast marked my biddings well;
Faithful and true, farewell, farewell!
Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep shall break
With fevered dream, or rudely wake
Thy wearied eye. O quit thy hold!
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
And long thy gasp and groan of pain
Have bound me in thy pitying chain,
Though angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thine ills no more.

Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain
Remember, we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
And wear it as thy signet ring.
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And naught but ashes mark thy rest,

When stars shall fall, and skies grow dark,
And proud suns quench their glowworm spark,
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
Then shalt thou glorious rise and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And I, with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky—
No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heirs of immortality.

The Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D.D., then read the paper adopted by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society; the Rev. J. E. Bills, D.D., read the resolutions passed by members of the Genesee Conference residing in the city of Rochester and vicinity; and the Rev. A. C. Bowdish, D.D., read the paper adopted at a special session of the New York Preachers' Meeting, held before the funeral, in St. John's chapel.* The pastor, Dr. Johnston, then said :

We are fortunate, this afternoon, in having with us some of the brethren who were with Dr. Hunt during his last days and in that hour when God called him home. I am going to ask the choir to sing four stanzas of Hymn 1053, and then these brethren will tell us something of those last days and that last scene.

After the singing of the hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought," the Rev. W. A. Spencer, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, spoke as follows :

In a moment I cannot say all I ought to say at this time. I regret greatly that my distinguished colleague, whose official history antedates all other official histories of living workers of Methodism, is not here to say for our society how greatly bereaved we are in the loss of our distinguished brother. The obligations of our work prevented him from being here, and I came into the house with no idea that I would say a word.

* See pages 52-54, 55.

I was present that last Conference Sabbath with Dr. Hunt in the large Centenary Church at Charleston. In a great love feast, when many had spoken, Bishop Mallalieu turned to four or five of the white brethren who were present and said, "This is the time for your testimony, for it will be too late very soon." I remember Dr. Hunt stepped promptly forward and gave a very beautiful and touching testimony as to his own personal religious experience—I suppose the last testimony that he gave in this world. I regret that I cannot recall the identical words, but I know how tender and full of confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ that testimony was. He was present, I think, through the morning service when Bishop Mallalieu preached with very wonderful power. I am not sure that he was at the afternoon service,* when Dr. Payne moved the audience even in a more remarkable manner than in the morning. At both services a large number of people asked the prayers of the congregation. In the evening service, with the aisles and platform and all parts of the house suffocatingly packed, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred people, perhaps, rose for prayers; and along between 9:45 and 10 P. M. Dr. Hunt came forward to the front of the platform and spoke for a few moments words of encouragement to those who were seeking God. Perhaps two or three score of people had already found the Lord Jesus Christ that night. If we had had opportunity I think two or three hundred might have been led to Christ; but before that great congregation went out forever Dr. Hunt said in the kindest and most loving way the words that might help lead them to God. Doubtless many of them will meet him in heaven that have been saved as the result of those closing counsels on that wonderful Conference Sabbath. He was present next morning to say a word or two in connection with his work, and I parted with him that afternoon. A week later he had gone to his reward in the better country. I shall never forget that morning testimony and that evening exhortation, which constituted part of the last picture of the religious life of Sandford Hunt.

The Rev. J. D. Hammond, D.D., Agent of the Book De-

* Dr. Hunt preached the last sermon of his life, that afternoon, in the Old Bethel Church, from the text, "Looking unto Jesus."—E.D.

pository at San Francisco, who was with Dr. Hunt in his last moments, then said :

I am asked to make a few remarks concerning the last moments of our departed brother. Rev. Dr. W. S. Matthew, Editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, and myself came from San Francisco by way of New Orleans to attend the annual meeting of the Book Committee held in Cincinnati. We stopped over Sunday in Chattanooga, and were very much pleased on Monday morning to find Dr. Hunt and Bishop Joyce at the station waiting to take the same train with us for Cincinnati, at 9:40. Dr. Hunt had been stopping with his brother, a little older than himself, upon the summit of historic Lookout Mountain for a few days. He had not preached upon the previous Sabbath, as the day had been stormy. We waited a little for the train, during which time Dr. Hunt pleasantly conversed with his brother in what proved to be their last interview. It so happened that we four ministers—Bishop Joyce, Dr. Hunt, Dr. Matthew, and myself—had the parlor car to ourselves during the most of the day. It was a very beautiful day, and the scenery was charming. I had not seen Dr. Hunt for a year, and, knowing that he had been somewhat poorly, I was greatly pleased to see him looking so well. During the day we had such conversation as Methodist preachers would be likely to have under such circumstances upon an all-day ride. It is remembered especially that we spoke of the great brotherhood of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and how each one who is connected therewith should strive as best he can to advance the general interests committed to his trust.

The subject of the Missionary Society came up, and Dr. Hunt spoke anxiously of his very great desire to see the debt now hanging over the society wiped out ; and he greatly hoped that, through some correspondence which he had instituted, he would be able so to lay the situation before the strong men of the Church that the burden might be taken up and carried forward. He said to me that this was his greatest desire and constant hope.

At 7:40 we arrived in Cincinnati. Bishop Joyce bade us an affectionate good-bye just outside the door of the station, and spoke feelingly of the great pleasure we had each had in having com-

panions during what might have otherwise been a lonesome journey. The bishop went into the waiting room, expecting to take the train for Chicago within the hour. As Dr. Matthew and myself did not know where the hotel was, Dr. Hunt took the lead. We waited a few minutes at the foot of the stairs, Dr. Hunt saying that possibly a porter might be around to take our baggage. None appearing, I took his gripsack, and we started up the stone steps which lead to Third Street. We crossed the street and went through the storm door of the Grand Hotel. As we opened the inner door, holding it open for Dr. Hunt, he stopped suddenly and said, "Take my hand," standing quite still. We dropped our baggage and took hold of him, Dr. Matthew taking his left hand and I supporting his head and shoulders. Almost immediately after he said "Take my hand," he said, "I fear" — and stopped abruptly. Through our assistance he advanced about two paces, and stood just inside the door. The elevator boy was called and brought a chair, and Dr. Hunt was seated therein, although even as early as that there was nothing left of life except a few spasmodic motions of the muscles and the slightest flutter of a pulse at the wrist. As soon as the elevator boy had brought the chair he ran for a physician who resides at the hotel, a man of most excellent reputation, who came within three minutes. As soon as the doctor saw the stricken man he said that evidently all was over. However, he sent for a stimulant, but by the time it came it was quite evident that nothing on earth would do our brother any good. We immediately took him upstairs and laid him on a bed, and by that time he was entirely gone. This was at 8:15. It must have been eight o'clock when he was first stricken. From the time he uttered the words indicated he did not seem to be conscious of anything that transpired about him. It is not probable that he had the slightest intimation at the time or during the day that he was in any other than his usual health. He seemed to suffer no pain, and died peacefully. During the entire day he had seemed quite as cheerful as ever; nor did he make the slightest allusion by word or in appearance to any ill feeling. We had dinner and supper upon the dining car; and Dr. Hunt ate with good relish and seemed to enjoy his food.

And so, without a moment's warning, our departed brother passed away. We have not ceased to be glad that, through what men would call a series of the merest accidents, the good providence of God brought for more than two thousand miles Dr. Matthew and one who as boy and man has known Dr. Hunt for more than forty years as a true and steadfast friend thus to minister in ever so slight a degree to him in his last moments. Truly a good and great man has gone. To us there was a great shock ; to him, sudden glory.

Amid the gloom of earthly night,
Brother, struggling toward the light,
Take thou my hand ;
Favor thou canst show me more,
Lead me to the very shore ;
Brother, take my hand.

Jesu Christ, my Friend and Brother,
Manly Man beyond all other,
Take thou my hand ;
Thou, who led me o'er the mountain,
Lead me onward to the fountain ;
Brother, take my hand.

The Rev. William V. Kelley, D.D., Editor of the *Methodist Review*, then made the closing address, as follows :

Dr. Hunt was a quiet man. The quiet men are often great. Dr. Hunt had known for months that he was liable to an attack of this kind. He had suffered premonitory attacks of the same nature. The physician in Cincinnati who saw him die declared the case to be one of apoplexy—the rupture of a blood vessel in the brain ; but his physicians here, who know his physical history and his condition for the past few months, are certain that it was *angina pectoris*. The trouble was at the heart. Some time ago he sat in the office of the physician who had thoroughly examined him, and who informed him what was the trouble. Dr. Hunt listened and then said, "Have you any book here which describes the disease which I have, and which will tell me what to expect ? If you have, please read it to me." The doctor took it down from the shelf and read

what were the symptoms, and what was the prognosis of such a condition, and what would be the nature of the termination. The physician says that Dr. Hunt sat as calm as a martyr and unflinchingly heard his sentence read out of that doomsday book ; and he further says this quiet man was the bravest man he ever saw under that test.

I have been asked to say a few words from my standpoint as a pastor, having been pastor for eight years of Dr. Hunt's family ; and also to speak of him in the local church in which his family had their membership and which he attended. All that need be said can be said in a moment. He was a quiet man in the church, as elsewhere. His religion was not emotional ; it was practical and sensible. He was not so much a professor as a performer. He steadily fulfilled all Christian duty, living consistently, so that no mortal ever had a chance to entertain any misgivings in reference to his piety. He was always in his place on Sunday, in his pew with his family, unless, as was the case in fact most of the time, he was preaching for somebody who was in need. He spent his week evenings at home, resting, or considering there in the quiet of his house problems which he did not have opportunity to consider during the business of the day. He was always ready to lead the prayer meeting, visit the sick, conduct funerals, or preach. A more helpful man to his brethren, and a more uniformly acceptable preacher—his personal presence gracious, his delivery clear, persuasive, sensible, and good—has not lived in this community.

I have been asked to say a word about Dr. Hunt in his home. Not much need be said, because it can all be summed up in saying that he was everything that a good man ought to be as a husband and a father. No wife ever leaned more trustfully and securely upon a husband than this wife upon this man for forty-nine years ; and these daughters gave him that passionate reverence and clinging devotion which daughters are wont to give to a father who is wise and just and good and tender and true.

We frequently observe that God is wise and that God is good. That is one of the blessed platitudes of our faith. We rest upon it. No man disputes it. But it also occurs to me now, and that it

is worth while to note and say it, that Providence is an Artist—an Artist observing harmony and uniformity; an Artist grouping persons and circumstances in suitable and impressive arrangement; an Artist laying in the colors of his pictures, and shading them together for the finest possible effect. Oftentimes history reads like a prose poem, printed in raised letters of fact which even the blind can read. And it seems to me, from the first until now, that Dr. Hunt's departure was a blessed and beautiful arranging of divine Providence. Surely it was kind that the Lord granted to this good and faithful servant the great mercy of a quick and easy transit to the skies. To an active man, a working man, like Dr. Hunt nothing could have been more painful and wearisome than to lie inactive and in suffering, "to rust unburnished, not to shine in use;" and he never had an hour of that sore and wearying experience. But out of the midst of his work, between one engagement and the next, he was flashed away into the heavens.

Dr. Hunt was a man of duty, a minute man, punctual in his engagements all the days of his life; and here he was, coming a little ahead of time, one of the first men on the ground, for the meeting of the Book Committee, with all his affairs in order, with his year's report written and ready to present to the official body which was entitled to receive it from his hand. It may be said that he fell inward across the threshold of the Book Committee's meeting, with his last report in his pocket, as if saying, "Here am I, brethren, and the work which the Church gave me to do."

Is it not beautiful that he spent the last Sabbath of his life on the top of Lookout Mountain with his older brother, whom he had not seen for a long time, thinking and talking about the memories since they were boys, and looking over their course through life? It was as if God brought them together to say good-bye and the end of life turned round to touch its beginning in a complete circle of affection and remembrance. There on the mountain top, in sight of that wonderful view concerning which he spoke in a letter written for his own home, like Moses on Nebo he may have had a Pisgah vision. For near at hand was the promised land, with only Jordan rolling between—he not forbidden, as Moses was, to enter in.

It seems to me significant and suitable that of the last two Conferences he visited one was white and one colored—bringing to mind the universal and humane sympathy of our Master, and the unity of the human race in that brotherhood which all men have under the common fatherhood of our God.

Dr. Hunt was a man whom all Methodism honored ; and, as if in token of the respect in which our denomination held him, Providence appointed a member of our episcopal board, Bishop Joyce, to bear him escort on his last day of travel. Dr. Hunt was the senior superintendent of the publishing interests of our Zion ; and Providence sent two men identified with those interests, one of them the director of our San Francisco depository, and the other the editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, to stand by him in the hour of his departure and listen to his last words. Most fitting was it that this man, who for seventeen years had so sturdily upheld the publishing interests of our Church, should be upheld by representatives of those interests when he fell. And does it not bring to the mind's view the wide extent of his influence and usefulness, when we note that these two men who stood by him—not in white robes, but clothed in Christian character, not angels, but ἀγγελοι, messengers sent of God—had come from the far Pacific coast, three thousand miles, to be at his side and represent, one might almost say, the ends of the earth in that hour ? God did not leave him to fall among strangers, but planted close beside him two men who knew him and his value, his own colaborers, who caught and sustained him in his need. And it was there, in Cincinnati, where sixteen years ago next May the Church through the General Conference first indorsed his appointment as Book Agent, that he laid down his work.

One more little fitness there was. Providence also sent an eight-years pastor of Dr. Hunt's family from New York to Cincinnati, who went, not knowing what he was going for, that he might be there to take charge of the sacred body, bear it tenderly to the home he knew so well, and deliver it safe into the possession of those to whom it was most dear.

Every man in the Book Committee, and the editors and others there in Cincinnati whom I heard speak, agreed in this, that God

had been good to him in letting him die in harness, on the road, facing the next engagement and ready for the next duty. He died, you may say, on his feet, erect. He halted there in the vestibule, between the doors which these men from afar held open for his entrance ; he paused ; they say he stood straight and rigid for a moment. It was as if the soldier had met his Captain and stood for an instant at salute. Halting outside the threshold, he declined to enter the earthly doors held open by the men from the Pacific. He caught sight of other doors that were open above. He saw the gleam of gates of pearl swinging back for him ; so he changed his mind, preferred those to these, and entered in.

Bishop C. D. Foss then offered the closing prayer:

O God, our Father, sanctify to us the thoughts and feelings and purposes and aspirations of this solemn hour. We bless thee for this hour. Our stricken hearts go up in thanksgiving and praise. We bless thee that we know thee, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent, and the power of an endless life with God in a regenerated heart, and the hope which is sure and steadfast. We bless thee that we meet to shout our brother's triumph and his entry into the better country to which we are pressing, and whose golden streets we shall presently enter. O Lord, we thank thee that the gates have been standing open to-day long enough for us to see in, and to hear the music of the song inside the gates, and by faith to behold the goodly company of those whose departure from earth amid our tears and heartaches we have from time to time celebrated in this place and in other places. But the gates are wide open, and the throng is passing, and our loved ones are within the gates around the throne. One family, we dwell in thee, blessed Christ,

One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

O Lord, keep the gates open, and keep our feet in the road, until we too shall walk the golden streets.

We are sad and sorrowful, but we are glad and full of joy. O God, we shed tears, bitter tears ; and these who weep the most,

comfort them. Fill their hearts with thy peace and with triumphant hope; sustain them as thou only canst, and as thou wilt. And grant to bless the Missionary Society, and the Book Concern, and the Genesee Conference, and the Church at large. Thou takest the workman, but thou carriest on the work. Thou wilt not let it flag; the banner shall not trail. Lord, strengthen other hands and warm other hearts, enlighten other minds, and let no interest of the Church suffer by reason of this good man's death. We know not how to get on without him. Thou knowest. Thou didst want him. Lord, make good his place, and may the work go on.

Now dismiss us to our homes and to our work and to our trials for a little time; and then, O Lord, take us one by one in thy good time to that better country, and to the companionship of the blessed Jesus, and to eternal likeness to him. And to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost shall be eternal praise. Amen.

Hymn 1041, "There is a land mine eye hath seen," was sung, and Bishop Andrews pronounced the benediction.

Services in Buffalo

AT Buffalo the funeral services were held in the Delaware Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church at 2 P. M., Monday, February 17, 1896. They were under the direction of the Rev. J. E. Williams, D.D., Presiding Elder of the Buffalo District. The pallbearers were the Revs. A. F. Colburn, E. H. Latimer, C. E. Millspaugh, C. W. Winchester, S. A. Morse, L. F. Congdon, and Samuel McGerald; the honorary bearers were the Revs. J. T. Gracey, B. M. Clark, C. G. Stevens, L. T. Foote, B. L. Duckwall, and E. E. Chambers.

The anthem, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," was sung by the church quartette; and various selections from the Scriptures were read by the

pastor of the church, the Rev. C. C. Albertson. The Rev. J. N. Simkins then offered the following prayer:

While we are in the house of mourning yet, our Father, may we feel that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. Here we realize that life is but as a vapor which appeareth for a moment and vanisheth away. Here we are told that we have no continuing city. Grant that each one of us may seek a city whose maker and whose builder is God.

We thank thee, our Father, that while we drop the tear of remembrance and of sorrow and of affection, yet we do not sorrow to-day as those without hope. We remember the days and the years connected with the life and with the labors of our brother whose life has now ended; we remember the times when we have been with him in his home, the times when he has been with us in our home. We have felt that these associations were very pleasant. They were beneficial, and they have helped us to run the race which thou hast placed before us and which, if we are faithful, will terminate in that rest remaining to the people of God. We remember the times that we have seen him in the sacred desk, when he has preached the everlasting Gospel; and we have felt that his words were uplifting. They were instructive, they were inspiring, and they pointed us to the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world. We remember meeting him in business relations, when responsible and far-reaching questions had to be met, and we remember how he shed light upon those difficult questions. This life to him is ended; but existence has not ended. This life with him has ended; but we have reason to believe our departed brother has entered upon that unending and glorious life which begins when earthly life comes to a termination.

We would remember every one of the relatives of our dear brother. We would remember those of his brothers who are far away, who would gladly be here to-day, if they could be. When the intelligence arrives to them, if it has not already, that their brother is dead, may the thought come that he lived the life of the righteous, and that for him to die was infinite and glorious gain. And there

is one member of his own dear family who cannot be with us in this service to-day. Wilt thou cheer and sustain and comfort her, as she realizes that her father is dead. O Lord, wilt thou also bless her who says, "My husband is dead." Long years they have journeyed together. They have toiled earnestly and energetically and, thank God, successfully together in winning souls to Christ. Bless all the members of the family; and may they so continue to live through the remainder of their earthly journey that they shall at last constitute an undivided family in heaven. Ah, beautiful thought! Possible it is for this family, and for all these families here represented to-day, to meet at thy right hand, without the loss of a soul, an unbroken family in heaven.

Now wilt thou be with us through all the services of this hour. May we be deeply impressed, that we may each live useful lives. May we be deeply impressed, also, from this providence which has been so suddenly thrust upon us, that this life may very soon end. One short week ago our brother was in a southern city, attending to the responsibilities of his calling, and at the close of that day death overtook him without premonition. But we thank thee it did not find him unprepared. Go with us through these services; go with us to the cemetery; and may we feel how uncertain is time. We know not when we shall be laid away in the house appointed for all the living. But we thank thee, and we feel we may say it with much of joy and emphasis to-day, that it may be to us the gate to endless joy, and that we may rejoice to enter there. Bring us at last, we pray thee, to praise thee and to enjoy thee at thy right hand in heaven, through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

After the singing of Hymn 993, "It is not death to die, Bishop W. F. Mallalieu spoke as follows:

Listening to the testimony of my own heart, I find this declaration, that, considering all the relations which Dr. Hunt bore to the Church of which for so many years he has been an honored member, it would be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to find another person who could be so illy spared from our ranks just at this time as he. The offices he has held for many years, and his peculiar

ability to discharge the duties of one of those offices, have made him one of the most important and necessary and valued officials of our Church.

I have had the privilege for the last twelve years of being quite intimately acquainted with him, and I have this testimony to bring, that in all those years I have never observed a moral fault. So that, if I recall the facts of my recollection, I may say, "Behold the perfect man!" as far as all my associations are concerned, whether of a religious or a business character. Others will speak more of the length of his life and services ; but I wish to bear testimony to the fact that I have always found him kind and loving and faithful and patient and gentle and diligent in all the work that has come to his hands.

It was my privilege—and of this I wish more especially to speak—to be in very intimate relations with him during seven of the last ten days of his life ; and I shall always count it a joy and a privilege, something to be treasured in my heart's memories, that those few days so near the close of his earthly journey were spent where I could associate with him, and where I could behold him in the various affairs in which he was engaged. He left New York, as some of you know, two weeks ago last Thursday evening, to make his way to Charleston, S. C., the seat of the South Carolina Conference. He arrived there on Friday in company with Bishop Foster and Dr. Payne, who in the good providence of God is with us to-day. Bishop Foster is far away in the South. Their coming made my heart rejoice, because I was not expecting either Bishop Foster or Dr. Hunt, though I was looking for Dr. Payne. But it gave me a most joyful surprise to see these two brethren whose names I have just mentioned.

I well remember the address that Dr. Hunt made to the Conference. As he looked over the Conference, and contrasted the past with the present, his heart was full of gratitude to God for all that has been accomplished in the Southland through the ministers of our Church. And so, quietly, on Friday and Saturday and Monday he sat at his little table by my right hand, settling the accounts of the brethren with the Book Concern, and all seemed to be so glad

to see him. But Sunday was a day that I shall never forget; and I am so glad that it was just such a day. In the morning we had the love feast, in a larger church than this, crowded to its utmost capacity. Dr. Hunt spoke. I noticed how deeply interested he was in all that was transpiring, and I think a sweeter, more precious testimony I never heard from human lips. It so struck me that I turned to look at him, and I saw a strange, beautiful light in his face that told me that he was within the range of the celestial glories. In the afternoon he preached in our Old Bethel Church, a church sanctified by ten thousand precious memories; and all who heard him were edified, delighted, and greatly profited, as I was informed subsequently to the service. Then at night he was with us at the Centenary Church, to which I have already referred, where Dr. Spencer preached. It was a wonderful hour. Every inch of standing room in the great edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity. Dr. Spencer preached to the unconverted. I turned, now and then, to look at Dr. Hunt and Bishop Foster, who sat on the platform near me, and I could see plainly enough that their hearts were deeply interested in the outcome of the service; and, when more than two hundred of the unsaved of that congregation rose and asked for the prayers of God's people, and would have come forward to the altar if it had been possible, there was a look of triumph and of victory on the doctor's face that I shall never forget. Then, as the service of prayer for the unsaved went on, he knelt, and in a few simple words commended those seekers of salvation to the grace of God, and if ever heaven seemed near to earth it did to my soul while he prayed. And then, a little to my surprise, I confess, as Dr. Spencer and I were standing together on the platform, just at the edge, directing the meeting, Dr. Hunt quietly stepped up to us. He was just at my left hand and Dr. Spencer's right, and he said, "I want to speak a word to these." It was his last public utterance in the Church of God before a gathered congregation; and nothing could be more manifest than the fact that his long-continued devotion to the somewhat secular work of the Church had in no respect impaired his spirituality or diminished his interest in the salvation of the people. It seemed as

though he forgot himself and supposed for the moment that he was pastor of the church and was conducting a revival. The old-time fire of his helpful ministry filled his heart, and looking out on that great company of seeking souls he begged them to be Bible readers and to be much in prayer; and if they had not found the grace they sought, never to give over the struggle until they entered into the light and liberty of God's people. You can imagine, some of you, how he would say it. And then he said to them—I remember it well—"Be sure and identify yourselves with God's people. Be in the church; be with those who love God;" and then his last words were, "At the earliest possible opportunity give your names to the pastor and unite with the Church of God."

He went with us from there over to Atlanta, and, like himself, just took care of Bishop Foster, Dr. Freeman, and myself—buying our railroad tickets, looking after our baggage, providing for our dinners, and then looking after the carriage at Atlanta to escort us to the hotel, where he even registered our names, signing my name in his own hand on the hotel page. Then, when he had got us all fixed up so nicely, it seemed as though he really enjoyed being the servant of God's servants. You who have known him longest and best know that these last few days illustrate the characteristics of his life. I believe it was the joy of his heart to be always helpful to others with whom he was associated. He counted it his greatest privilege to minister in unselfish sacrifice and devotion to those who might need his help. And so, on that Friday of the Georgia Conference he spoke words of admonition and counsel and encouragement to those brethren who are doing their work amid great difficulties. As he talked to them in his kind, gentle, brotherly way about the great publishing interests of the Church, he won their confidence, and they looked upon him as a father and a friend. With words of cheer and strength he said good-bye, going to visit his brother in Chattanooga, to spend the last Sabbath of his life in friendly intercourse with the one he loved so much. Then he passed on, on Monday, to meet the death angel as he entered the city whither he had been directing his steps for the prosecution of most important business for the Church.

It seems to me, as I look over these few days and think of the spirit that he manifested and of the words that he spoke, just as though the blessed Jesus had taken him by the hand and was leading him along in very sweet and intimate fellowship. Though the doctor himself was unconscious of it, surely the blessed Master knew that he was coming near the margin of the river; and so, gently, lovingly, and tenderly he led him along until at last with a single step he crossed the border land and entered into the rest of God's dear people, where to-day he awaits our coming. Crowned and glorified in the land of light and bliss and glory, he awaits our advent to the coronation of the skies.

Thank God for all the precious memories that come to our hearts to-day! Thank God for all the immortal hopes that cheer us, illustrated by this sweet and beautiful and devoted life! Thank God for the perfect trust he had in Jesus, that we too may have and so pass with him to the rest of the saints in glory!

Dr. Williams then read from the letter of Dr. J. D. Hammond to the family, descriptive of the last moments of Dr. Hunt. The Rev. R. C. Brownlee next made the following address:

I had not known Dr. Hunt as long as some of you, but I suppose I can say that I knew him as intimately as any one living, beyond the members of his own household, and for many years. Our acquaintance commenced when I was invited to his home in my boyhood, while he was pastor of St. Mark's Church in this city; and he was my first presiding elder when I was received as a probationer in the Conference. My eldest son was born in his house and bears his name. When it seemed to my friends and to him, while I was pastor at Albion, that my days would soon come to a close, and my wife was prostrated with illness at the same time, I learned afterward—not from him, but so directly that I believe it to be true, exactly true—that he made arrangements with his wife that they should take and care for our two children after we had passed away, as it seemed evident that we should. During all these years I do not remember a misunderstanding for a moment. Then, too, there has

been no joy, no sorrow, in our respective families during that time that in a sense we have not shared in common. It was his custom, before he went to the position that he occupied at the time of his decease, to invite me, when we had ministerial associations and sometimes at Conference, to be entertained at the same place with himself. We roomed together and talked together. I was thinking while our bishop was speaking how truly I can say that there seemed to be no blemish in his moral framework. I do not remember a time when he did not come up to the standard of Christian manhood. Others have spoken, and will speak, of his official work; but in the more intimate associations of home he was just as grand, just as noble, as he was in any of his official relations in the Church. No man could be a more devoted husband, no man a more affectionate father; and no man received in return more affection and love from the members of his household. I will not detain this audience by further remarks. I shall have while I live the highest idea of sanctified humanity as represented in Dr. Hunt.

The choir then sang the anthem, "The good die not;" after which the Rev. C. H. Payne, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, spoke as follows:

The Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the authorities of the publishing interests of the Church delegated two distinguished laymen, Brothers E. B. Tuttle and H. W. Knight, with myself, to represent those bodies on this occasion; and we come to you, dear friends, members of this church and friends of the deceased in this city, with expressions of the deep sympathy of these organizations with you in your great sorrow, and expressions, also, of the high appreciation in which they held your brother beloved. We come to you to say that Dr. Sandford Hunt, during the years of his residence in New York city and vicinity, was the same true man and useful and faithful servant of the true God that you, who have known him long and intimately, knew him to be.

As I represent to-day particularly the Board of Managers of the

Missionary Society, it is fitting that I should say a few words concerning his relation to that organization. I will confine myself to that. It is, as you know, an organization than which there is none greater, and can be none greater, in this world, because of the high ends which it seeks to promote. I think you will agree with me that no greater trust was ever imposed on any man, or can be imposed on any man, than that which was committed to Dr. Hunt as a manager of that society, and especially as its treasurer. And I may add with peculiar satisfaction and comfort that no man ever fulfilled a high trust with a greater combination of fidelity, wisdom, and success than did Dr. Hunt meet and fulfill that high trust. Possibly in these times we are too prone to put the work of the Church down upon the material basis, on the dollar and cents side, and I would guard against that. We must never think of this great missionary organization, of the work that Dr. Hunt did, as merely having to do with material interests. It is lifted up high above the mere materiality of things into the most sacred atmosphere. It is the very embodiment of evangelism. It is the ideal, lofty, sublime representation of Christ's conception of the high uses to which money may be sacred; and Dr. Hunt, in managing this great fund, was but preparing the way for the apocalyptic angel to fly in the midst of heaven and carry the everlasting Gospel to the kingdoms and nations and tongues of this world. He was a preacher of righteousness in the very details of the work that he was doing in connection with that fund, and we shall have a just conception of the loftiness and sacredness of his mission in that respect only when we view it in its true light. He took the special contributions made by thousands upon thousands of contributors to the missionary cause, gifts that were hallowed by their faith and perfumed with their tears, and with those gifts he carried on the great work of evangelizing this world. The fund controlled by him was to set at liberty millions of captive heathen the wide world over, and to open to their entranced vision the gates of Gospel day. There can be no higher mission than that. We do not always appreciate the magnitude of the task imposed upon him.

He had peculiar gifts and endowments for that great work. You

know what those gifts were. He was the very embodiment, as we believed in New York, of painstaking care. Nothing was neglected and nothing overlooked. The infinite details of all that work came under his eye. It was a surprise to those who knew him well to find that every minutest feature of the work seemed to be apprehended by him. In the many bequests made to the society, talking with him you would find that he knew each donor, knew all about the legal aspects and the peculiar conditions of each bequest. And what shall I say of the conscientiousness with which he performed his task? This—and no more can be said—that if every dollar of the millions which he handled during his seven years as treasurer had been his own personal property he could not, and would not, have administered it with more fidelity and conscientiousness and care than he did. Nothing more could be said than that. He was conservative and cautious; and God, in his wise providence, has made a place among the active agents to promote his cause on earth for both the conservative and the progressive man. God knows his work and does it well. The place for a conservative man was just that which Dr. Hunt filled as a conservator and guardian of a great sacred public trust. There are sanguine men in the Church—noble men they are—who saw the world's needs and urgently felt them and pressed them with importunity. Dr. Hunt, as guardian of that trust fund, saw its necessities and its limitations, and sacredly, vigilantly watched them. But to the credit of all parties concerned we may say with exact truthfulness that while they, the sanguine, importuned for money from the fund to help relieve the world, this importunity was always met with exhaustless patience and gentleness; and, while they could not always secure what they wanted, never was there a whisper or a suspicion that there was any selfish interest on the part of the guardian of the fund. To the credit of all let it be said that the sanguine and the earnest and the ardent accepted and honored the guardianship of the conservative man who stood at the head. He was the ideal treasurer of a great Church fund.

But conscientiousness and care and conservatism are not enough to manage such a fund. It requires wisdom and skill, and those he

also had. Perhaps we have not stopped to think how much it cost this treasurer, what watchfulness and wakeful nights—the treasury was not always full, you know, but hundreds of thousands in debt—through weary weeks and tedious months. And these were the problems that he had to meet—how to feed the missionaries in the field ; how to meet the outstanding obligations ; how to hold up the credit of the Church. And you will appreciate it when I say, what some of you know, and his family well know, too, that during the long, weary, heated months of last summer he deprived himself of a vacation, and stayed at home to watch and guard the treasury and to borrow money by hundreds of thousands from day to day to meet and maintain the credit of the great Church. We should be ungrateful indeed if we did not value him for services like these.

But more needs to be said. He filled his place, and filled it well. And it is a great mistake to imagine that any man can occupy a prominent position for any length of time, and do it successfully, that has not preëminent qualities for the work. It tests a man ; and he was tested, and right royally met the test. He worked faithfully, patiently. It is said that the great painter Zeuxis, who lived four hundred years before the coming of Christ, did his work with great care, and was chided one day that he painted so slowly ; and he replied, “ Yes, to do my work I take much time, but I paint for all time.” Dr. Hunt did his work with great patience and painstaking, but he did it for all time and for all eternity ; and the great Missionary Society into which he put those years of toil will abide and do its great work in the future, and the Church to which he consecrated his years will abide and grow and conquer. And all of us who contribute to the great building of glorified humanity will do work that will abide forever.

I rejoice to have been with him in those last few days. Two weeks ago last Thursday afternoon, after we had planned the visit together, we set out from New York city. I was never with him when he was more cheerful. Bishop Foster was there ; and we enjoyed the services at Charleston, were together at the same hotel, sat and ate and chatted together. Is it not a mercy, brothers and

friends, and these dear mourning ones, that when he bade his wife good-bye there was no angel near to whisper to him that it was the last good-bye? He did not need that. It were better that he did not have that. And I have thought how beautiful was the transition and the translation from the earthly to the heavenly life. I was in Chattanooga on the same Sunday, a week ago, and preached. That day he was up on the mountain top. It was a rainy day, and he spent the day in communion with his brother in happy reminiscences of the olden time. How glorious! There, where was fought the battle of the Union forces above the clouds, there, in communion with earth's mistiness, with all the strife below him, he spent his last completed day, slept his last night's sleep, and then started off on his journey to meet the awaiting chariot and to be lifted up to receive the waiting crown. We shall meet him in the morning that will so soon dawn upon us all.

There, hand in hand, firm-linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

The Rev. J. E. Bills, D.D., made the next address, as follows:

I have a conviction, as the time is so speedily passing, that I ought not to say anything, there are so many things that suggest themselves to my mind. I have been strongly tempted to tell his brothers in the ministry here of the services which were held in Brooklyn on Saturday afternoon. It has been my fortune to attend such public services many times in the course of my life. I never attended any service of such a character that so fully satisfied me as I was satisfied on that occasion. With all the reverence that there is here among us who have been his brethren all our lives, who have known him intimately, familiarly—for he had been a Genesee Conference man during the entire period of his absence and his residence in New York and Brooklyn—despite, I say, the reverence that we have for him and the high appreciation and the affection that we have cherished for him, if you had listened to the testimonies that were borne by the leading men of the Church last

Saturday afternoon you would have had the feeling that, because we knew him before he came to the high place which he had occupied now for so many years and which associated his name and his life with the work that was committed to him there, we therefore had a lower estimate of this man's greatness, of his ability, of his real power, than the estimate that was expressed on that occasion. When the several addresses were finished I could conceive of no honor that had not been brought as a tribute to his character. And I have been strongly tempted to speak to you, his brethren, who were not permitted to be present, concerning the honors that were showered upon his memory and the tributes of affection that were brought to his casket.

There are one or two things that I want to speak of, and then I will at once cease. I want to bear testimony, first, to this man's faithfulness. In the years that have passed since I came to know men of that stamp I have known many in responsible positions that have carried burdens and done their work, and done it nobly; but I want to say here this afternoon that I regard Sanford Hunt in the faithfulness of his life as the superior of any man I have known. For several years, in fact nearly ever since I have been treasurer of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Dr. Hunt has been one of the Auditing Committee. He has been the chairman of that committee. It was only two years ago that, burdened and overburdened as he was with the work he had to do as senior Agent of our Book Concern and as treasurer of our great Missionary Society, he arose at four o'clock on two mornings, met me in our office, and gave himself up for hours to the endeavor to find a discrepancy of less than three dollars between his figures and those that I had made at more leisure. Think of that—in the summer, rising at four o'clock in the morning and working on for hours until breakfast time, that he might prove that the figures which he had made concerning the business and transactions of the institution for the year were correct! Can you conceive of greater faithfulness than that in the ordinary man? And that has been true of his life from first to last. Dr. McCabe told us on Saturday afternoon, and Dr. Payne has referred to it, that when he succeeded Dr. Peck

in charge of legacies and lands he undertook to tell Dr. Hunt something of these things. He said that, to his amazement, he found Dr. Hunt had the details of the business already in his mind ; that nothing had escaped him ; and that he was prepared to throw light upon and to illuminate every question brought before him, thus showing his attention to detail and his conscientious devotion to the work he had to do. So that, while he had assistance in connection with his office as missionary treasurer, he still made the facts and the figures his own. He was not content to let other men do the work, and then feel that he was relieved of responsibility in connection with it. Wonderful faithfulness ! And this must be said of him, and will be said of him, I am sure, in time that is to come—he will be spoken of as Sandford Hunt the faithful, the man who neglected nothing, but who, with all diligence, day in and day out, early and late, devoted himself to the great work laid upon him, coming over to his office at eight or half past eight o'clock in the morning and staying there till half past five at night, working as though he were merely a bonds slave. Such fidelity is worthy of commemoration.

Another thought that impressed me at the last General Conference was this—the superior wisdom of the man, his grasp and comprehension of the questions, and his knowledge of the questions, that came to the attention of the General Conference. Bishop Mallalieu was there with us, and Dr. Payne and other brethren, who had the opportunity of knowing ; and all know that during the entire General Conference, whenever Dr. Hunt rose and stated a case and threw the light upon it which he was capable of throwing, there was an end of the controversy. The General Conference and the bishops over and over again accepted his statements as the end of all controversies. [Bishop Mallalieu: “That is true.”] And the vote would be taken, and would be in harmony with the statement and the explanation he had made. Dr. Hunt was marvelous in his memory, in his grasp and comprehension of details, in his ability to carry in his mind the transactions of an enterprise, to carry them so that he had them at his tongue’s end ; and all that he had to do was to speak, and men accepted his statements without any question.

Dr. Hunt has honored the Genesee Conference. We do well to honor him. We do honor him. We shall honor him. His memory, in my judgment, will grow more and more precious, not in the history of this Conference only, but in the history of the Church. I believe that Dr. Hunt has not yet come to his greatness, but that he is to come to a greatness which he has not had as yet, which has not thus far been recognized in the history of the past. Let us thank God for giving to us such a man, for giving to the Church such a man; that we have his example, and that we have the results of his integrity, his fidelity, his wisdom in the work that he has done for the Church. I thought of it last Saturday night, after this afflicted family that is present with us this afternoon had retired from the church. I could not forego my privilege, while sitting there alone in the twilight at the side of this casket, of feeling that I was from the Genesee Conference and that I had the unspeakable honor of watching over his remains as a sentinel for a little time. I could not but think as I sat there, and tried to commune with him, of what was the character of his relationships and of his experience in that hour. I thought of the men that had gone before him, the men with whom he had been intimate, with whom he had been so closely associated, whom he had venerated and loved. I thought of them, and I thought to myself, "Well, we are under a shadow here; there is a cloud resting on us; we are bowed down with sorrow; but, O, how glad those men are that he used to associate with on earth, how glad they have been, to welcome him to the circle that is nevermore to be broken!" God give us a place in that circle when our work shall be finished.

At the conclusion of Dr. Bills's address the congregation sang a portion of "The sweet by and by," after which the Rev. A. D. Wilbor, D.D., spoke as follows :

I feel that I assume to myself undue honor when I say that Dr. Hunt was my friend; and I feel that I give expression to a sentiment that the Conference of which I am a member will realize to be true when I say that, as a Conference, we are honored in that he was the friend of each and every one of us. When he came to our

Conference as the representative of the great Book Concern with accounts to settle, he was the friend of every brother in it. He offended no one. With cheerfulness and loving-kindness he proposed methods by which difficulties could be surmounted and obligations met. He was the friend of us all. I have known Dr. Hunt well ever since he entered our Conference. I preceded him a few years in Conference relationship, and have known him well from the beginning; and as a friend I echo the words uttered by Dr. Brownlee, that never has a ripple disturbed the surface of our friendly fellowship.

I have been reminded, as I have meditated somewhat upon this occasion, of the words of St. Paul when he said: "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." Yes, "diversities of gifts" among men, "diversities of operations," "differences of administrations." Dr. Hunt had his gifts. And among the most important of those gifts which can distinguish men is that gift which entitles them to be trusted with great public interests. To whom do we commit great public interests? Not to the man of great eloquence, not to the man of great learning, not to the man of great diplomacy, not to the man of magnetic leadership. What are the qualities of the man to whom we would commit great public interests? Such men are needed in these days. Such men are needed in the political world, in the commercial world, in the social world, and in the Church. We want, in the first place, men that are honest, men who are characterized by sterling integrity. There is a place for men of integrity; and the boys that are growing up and the young men that are seeking positions may be sure that young men are sought after who are characterized by unflinching integrity, and they will find a place. We look for men of well-balanced judgment, men who have brains, who have intellectual discernment. We look for men who are well-read in affairs, thoroughly posted at all points which may be of interest to them in the performance of their great duties. We look for men who can possess their souls in calmness, in the midst of the storms of life which are

certain to arise. We look for men who have a conscience open toward God and open toward man. We look for men of brotherly sympathies, who can take their fellow-men by the hand and make them feel that they are greeted by a brother. We look for men of intellectual force, who can carry forward great enterprises and who are fruitful of invention. We look for men of industry, who are not afraid of toil and who are not afraid to enter into the examination of every detail that may be involved in the interests committed to their oversight.

Such a man—I speak it without hesitancy—was Sandford Hunt. He was a man that could be intrusted with great public interests. When he was a boy on the farm he could be trusted. When he was sent to do a thing he did it, and he had not to be looked after to see that it was done. When he was sent to school he accomplished his school tasks, and there was no fear that there would be a failure. When his intellect began to open to the opportunities that lay before him he set himself, though in comparatively poor circumstances, to win an education; and he did it, and graduated with honor from college, and went forth to his duties as a servant of the Church. At the age of fifteen he was converted. In early life, feeling that he was called to the ministry, he knocked at the door of the Genesee Conference and was admitted; was appointed to a humble station—a station suitable for a candidate for admission to the ministry; and he performed his work so well, adjusted himself to the work in hand so faithfully, that his presiding elder took note of it. He soon was graduated to a higher appointment. It was found that he did his work with equal fidelity. If a debt was to be paid, if improvements were to be made, if particular responsibilities were to be carried out, he was the man to execute his trust. He was elevated to the presiding eldership. All along through these stages the eyes of sharp-minded men were upon him.

Dr. Nelson fell at his post down there in New York at the head of a great establishment—an establishment which spreads its influence and its benefactions over the entire Methodist Episcopal Church, a concern that has within its scope millions of money to be employed in beneficent deeds for the entire Church and for the

world. Great interests and great responsibilities! Who shall take the place of the fallen man? "Here is Dr. Hunt; I think he can be trusted; I think he will execute that mission well." He was employed, and went into the work. Well, it was a great responsibility. Was he inflated? Not a bit of it. Did he not go a little higher in his self-estimation, as he ought to have done? Not a bit of it. He set himself to the investigation of every part of the business of that great concern as he would have set himself to the investigation of a proposition in geometry, and he mastered the details of the institution so that when the next General Conference came and it was asked, "Whom shall we have for an agent at New York?" it was said, "Here is Hunt; he has proved himself competent; let us elect him." And he was elected again and again and again and again, and I do not know but he would have been elected again if he had gone up to the next General Conference. He had a small salary, comparatively speaking; and these thousands of dollars and millions of dollars that were committed to his trust he never felt the slightest inclination to appropriate in any way, directly or indirectly, to his personal emolument. He was content with what the Church gave him for a comfortable maintenance, and he went forward in the execution of his duty.

He was a man to do duty, to perform the duties committed to him for God and for the Church; and he did his duty well, as has been said to-day. And when I present these characteristics of a man worthy to be honored with public trust I only echo what has already been said with reference to Dr. Hunt. I have had occasion to say—I feel that it is true—that no human biography can be read but that is fraught with deep interest if you can read it aright. The biography of the beggar, the biography of the street gamin, the biography of the tenant of the poorhouse, all are fraught with the deepest interest when you can read the soul, and read its processes, and read its relationship to God's government and to future destiny and to social relations. Here is a biography that stands forth complete. You do not often find completed things, but here is a biography that is complete. It seems to have been cut off very suddenly, this life, but it was a completed life. He had reached the

threescore years and ten, and from his early boyhood to this ripe manhood there was a roundness, a completeness, a perfection, a consecration to God and to duty that are worthy of emulation and worthy to be copied by us. He is at rest. I share the sorrows of the mourning ones. I account it a privilege that I have enjoyed companionship to a large degree, and acquaintance more fully, with Brother Hunt in his home life as well as his Conference life. Blessed has been his life. Peace and honor to his memory!

The closing remarks were then made by Dr. Williams, as follows:

There have come, dear friends, this afternoon, from many associations from the Atlantic to the Pacific, resolutions that have been presented and forwarded to the mourning ones. They have come from every quarter, like doves bearing messages of peace and sympathy and love. It would not be appropriate for me to read these resolutions this afternoon at this late hour. Sets of resolutions from Oneonta and from our own Ministerial Association, and resolutions from the official board of this church have all come to our hand and will duly appear in print. For my single self, this afternoon, I feel lonely. I might add many words, but I refrain from adding a single additional word for fear of protracting these services. He has fallen from my side, and seemingly I am left alone with my own mind and my own heart. At New York and at Omaha I depended upon him as a son might depend upon a father, or a younger brother upon an elder brother. He has gone from me suddenly. But I have this sweet consciousness, that I had his confidence and his love and his sympathy while he remained upon the earth; and I also have the sweet consciousness that he dwells securely with the honored ones of our Conference who have gone before.

O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

The services were concluded with the singing of a part of

Hymn 991, "Servant of God, well done," and with the apostolic benediction.

Many of the ministers and friends then proceeded to Forest Lawn Cemetery, where the services were conducted by Drs. Williams, Albertson, Gracey, and Bills, and the remains of the honored dead were committed to their final resting place in the family plot.

Memorial Service of the New York Preachers' Meeting.

THIS service was held on Monday, March 9, 1896, at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city. The Rev. J. O. Wilson, D.D., presided. Hymn 637, "My times are in thy hand," was read by the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday School Union and Tract Society, and was sung; the Scripture lesson was read by the Rev. J. S. Chadwick, D.D., of the New York East Conference; and prayer was offered by the Rev. A. J. Palmer, D.D., of the New York Conference. The resolutions* adopted at the special session of the Preachers' Meeting on February 15 were then read by the Rev. A. C. Bowdish, D.D., Chairman of the Business Committee.

The first address of the morning was made by Homer Eaton, D.D., Book Agent at New York, who feelingly spoke of Dr. Hunt "as he had come to know him in the intimate association of seven years." The Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., Editor of *The Christian Advocate*, gave a discriminating analysis of the character of Dr. Hunt; and the Rev. J. W. Johnston, D.D., of the New York East Conference, spoke of Dr. Hunt's association with St. John's Church, Brooklyn, as an attendant there for seventeen years. A duet, "No night

* See page 53.

shall be in heaven," was sung by Mrs. C. S. Woodruff and Miss Leonard. The Rev. S. F. Upham, D.D., of Drew Theological Seminary, then spoke of Dr. Hunt's "type of piety and its effect upon his characteristics as a man, a minister, and an official of the Church." The Rev. W. H. De Puy, D.D., touchingly recalled his long and intimate acquaintance with Dr. Hunt since the latter's entrance into the Genesee Conference. Bishop I. W. Joyce described Dr. Hunt's last day of life and the manner of his translation; and Bishop J. P. Newman, in a closing address, spoke of Dr. Hunt's "changeless sincerity" and his "business sagacity and efficiency." Prayer was offered by the Rev. M. D'C. Crawford, D.D., of the New York Conference; and Hymn 1037, "There is a land of pure delight," was announced by the Rev. M. B. Chapman, D.D., of the New York East Conference. After its singing the service was concluded with the benediction.

Resolutions of Sympathy

AMONG the resolutions adopted by various organizations expressive of sorrow at the death of Dr. Hunt, and of condolence with his family, are the following :

THE BOOK COMMITTEE AT CINCINNATI.

The members of the General Book Committee, arriving in Cincinnati for their annual meeting, are startled to find here the lifeless body of Dr. Sandford Hunt, senior Book Agent of the New York house, instead of his living face into which they had expected to look.

Dr. Hunt left home about two weeks ago, to visit officially some of our Conferences in the South. On Sunday, February 2, he preached in Old Bethel Church, Charleston, S. C., and this was his last sermon. The Georgia Conference was the last he visited. Leaving Chattanooga on Monday morning, February 10, he traveled all day in company with Dr. J. D. Hammond and Dr. W. S. Matthew, of California, all three being on their way to the meeting of the Book Committee. Reaching Cincinnati at 7:40 the same evening, they entered the Third Street door of the Grand Hotel; and, in the act of entering, Dr. Hunt was seized with faintness, was helped to a chair by the two brethren who had traveled with him, a little later was carried upstairs, and shortly after ceased to breathe.

This Book Committee, assembling under the shock and shadow of this sudden death, unanimously adopts the following brief minute concerning this sorrowful event :

Dr. Sandford Hunt was born in western New York in 1825. Many years of capable service in the pastorate and presiding eldership so manifested his capacity and fidelity to his denomination that, when the death of Dr. Reuben Nelson left a vacancy in the New York Book Agency, the Book Committee elected Dr. Hunt to the vacant place on March 3, 1879, John M. Phillips being at that time the senior Agent.

Dr. Hunt brought to his new duties not only proved practical skill and business ability, but also considerable familiarity with the publishing interests of the Church, from having been for some years an active member of the Book Committee. The very highest expectations of the Church have been realized in the value of Dr. Hunt's career of seventeen years in the Book Agency. His great responsibilities were carried with steadiness and wisdom; his trust was fulfilled with painstaking attention and carefulness, even to the most minute details. Conservative, cautious, patient,

quiet, capable, and faithful, he grew from first to last in usefulness and influence, receiving from his brethren, from the Genesee Conference to which he belonged, from the Missionary Society of which he was treasurer, from this Book Committee, and from the Church at large increasing manifestations and proof of their confidence and appreciation. He has uniformly borne himself with gentle and kindly courtesy toward his brethren, so that his memory is sweet and pleasant to them all.

His departure from earth, though startling in its suddenness, was beautiful and blessed. In fullness of years, fullness of service, and fullness of honors, he passed, almost in the twinkling of an eye, from service to reward. The Lord, whom he loved and obeyed, granted to this good and faithful servant the great mercy of a quick and easy transit to the skies.

He fell inward across the threshold of the Book Committee's meeting, with his last annual report written and ready to present; and, having kept his engagement on earth, he mounted to hand in the full and final account of his stewardship to the Master who gave him his lifework here below. Truly the memory of the just is blessed, as the reward of the righteous is sure.

We offer to those dearest to him—his bereaved wife and daughters—our affectionate sympathy, and the assurance of our earnest prayers on their behalf, that the Father of mercies and God of all comfort may graciously comfort and sustain them.

E. B. TUTTLE,
RICHARD DYMOND,
W. V. KELLEY.

THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We, the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, assembled in special session at St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 15, 1896, desire to record our conviction that the society and the Church at large have sustained an irreparable loss in the death of our faithful colaborer, the Rev. Sanford Hunt, D.D. We are sadly reminded that it was in this church on January 17, 1889, that we assembled to attend the funeral services of Mr. J. M. Phillips, and that Dr. Hunt was immediately chosen to take his place as treasurer of the Society.

We bear record to the conscientious fidelity with which our deceased brother has performed the arduous duties of his office during the past seven years. It fell to his lot to meet with times of great financial depres-

sion, and to bear unusually heavy burdens because of the debt in which the society was necessarily involved. How manfully and courageously, and with what unwearied carefulness and marked success he performed the duties thus imposed upon him all associated with him in the management of the society will gladly testify. The weight of care and anxiety which was inevitable, during the last two years especially, was heavy indeed ; but how nobly and uncomplainingly he bore it !

In his death we mourn the loss of one of the most capable and efficient ministers of our Church, as his record while a pastor and presiding elder in the Genesee Conference abundantly shows ; of one who brought rare talent and capacity to the administration of the vast interests and complex business affairs of our great publishing house ; of one of the most faithful members and most competent officers of our board ; and we sorrow also over the loss of a true and genial friend and a humble and earnest Christian.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved widow and children, and pray that they may receive the fullest consolations of the divine Spirit in their overwhelming affliction.

We direct that this tribute to the memory of our brother be entered upon our records, and that a copy of the same be sent to his family.

A. D. VAIL, Vice President.

S. L. BALDWIN, Recording Sec'y.

THE NEW YORK PREACHERS' MEETING.

At a special session of the New York Preachers' Meeting, held in the chapel of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 15, 1896, the following paper on the death of the Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D., was unanimously adopted :

The New York Preachers' Meeting, in special session, desire to make this record on the death of one of its most honored and useful members, the Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D., senior Agent of our publishing interests in New York city.

Many of us can well remember when Dr. Hunt was introduced to our meeting shortly after his election by the Book Committee, in March, 1879, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Rev. Reuben Nelson, D.D., then senior Agent. His words of brotherly regard, expressed in his accustomed modesty, but with remarkable eloquence of diction, as he spoke of the great responsibility that had just been laid upon him, made a

profound impression ; and at once he found a large place in the hearts of his brethren, which place he filled up to the hour of his death.

To delineate Dr. Hunt's character, in this necessarily brief paper, is no easy task. He was a man of energy ; of superior intellectual ability ; remarkable for the elegance and beauty of his address, the fitness of his words, and the clearness with which he presented the truth, both in his pulpit ministrations and when addressing the various Annual Conferences in the interests of our publishing house, at the head of which he proved himself a financier of exceptional ability. We are indebted to him, more than to any other man, for the accumulation of our splendid property in New York city. His business instincts would have given him first rank in any commercial center ; and yet it was his pleasure to continue in the Christian ministry and devote to the Church of his choice those splendid talents that would doubtless have secured for him great personal wealth and an enviable fame in the business world.

Dr. Hunt's fearlessness and uncompromising character always strengthened the high regard others had of him, while none ever doubted his integrity, the purity of his life, or his fidelity to the truth and to the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was a man of widespread influence and power. No man among us has ever been more thoroughly conscientious in caring for the various interests of the Church. Nothing that related to her prosperity was ever allowed to escape his vigilant eye. He was a faithful friend, a wise counselor, a great-hearted brother, whose example of gentleness and strength and goodness and unselfishness has been an inspiration and a benediction in our midst. Sudden death cannot surprise such a man, though it greatly surprises and saddens his friends, and sorely afflicts the Church at large.

Signed, in behalf of the New York Preachers' Meeting,

J. O. WILSON, President.

J. Y. DOBBINS, Secretary *pro tempore*.

A. C. BOWDISH, Chairman of Business Committee.

THE HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS OF THE NEW YORK BOOK CONCERN.

At a special meeting of the heads of the various departments of our publishing house, held in the Agents' office, on Friday, February 14, 1896, at noon, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the members of the family of Rev. Dr. Hunt in their great and sudden bereavement ; that we request

Mr. Daniel Denham to represent us as one of the pallbearers on the occasion of the funeral services in St. John's Church, Brooklyn, Saturday, February 15; that we request Mr. H. W. Knight to represent us at the funeral services to be held in Buffalo, N. Y., on the following Monday; that we appoint Messrs. Graham, Baldwin, and Knight a committee to draft suitable resolutions expressive of our esteem for our late superior officer, and have a copy of the same duly engrossed and presented to his widow and family.

On behalf of said meeting,

WM. BALDWIN, Committee.

THE MINISTERS OF THE GENESEE CONFERENCE RESIDING IN
ROCHESTER, N. Y., AND VICINITY.

At a largely attended meeting of the members of the Genesee Conference, residing in Rochester and vicinity, held at the First Methodist Episcopal Church in that city, February 12, 1896, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we have received with feelings of deepest sorrow and concern the tidings of the death of our beloved brother, Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D., senior Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, New York, and treasurer of the Missionary Society—of sorrow, because we are called to mourn the loss of a lifelong personal friend and member, for nearly half a century, of the Genesee Conference; and of solicitude in view of the great responsibilities which by his death are suddenly transferred to other hands.

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Hunt we are called to part with the most conspicuous and honored member of our body—wise in counsel; honorable and charitable in brotherly fellowship; generous, helpful, and inventive in every progressive enterprise; spotless in moral and Christian character; an able and instructive preacher of the Gospel; an efficient pastor and presiding elder; a most manly man and faithful servant of God. We shall greatly miss his cheerful, helpful, ever-welcome presence in Conference sessions and his faithful coöperation in every department of our Conference work.

Resolved, That as members of the Genesee Conference we have noted with especial satisfaction and gratitude the elevation of our beloved brother to the honored and responsible positions of junior, and then chief, Agent of the Methodist Book Concern and treasurer of our Missionary Society; that we have observed with great pleasure the singular ability, carefulness, and success with which he, as chief officer, has managed the

affairs of these great institutions, and the recognized value of his name and skill in the management of our business and financial interests, securing, as he has, and retaining to the last, the highest confidence of the entire Church.

Resolved, That we sympathize most deeply with the members of his family in the sudden and overwhelming affliction which they are called to face. None but a merciful and all-powerful Saviour can supply the needed consolation in the loss of such a devoted husband and fond and indulgent father. As members of the Genesee Conference we share in this personal sorrow, and mingle our tears and prayers with the bereaved family over the remains of our beloved Dr. Hunt.

THE BUFFALO METHODIST MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION.

At a special meeting of the Buffalo Methodist Ministers' Association the following memorial was recorded:

We have learned with deep regret of the departure of our friend and brother, Dr. Sandford Hunt, senior Agent of the Methodist Book Concern. In the midst of his great usefulness as a servant of the Lord and officer of the Church he has answered the silent summons and ceased at once to work and live.

In view of his relation to the Genesee Conference and Buffalo District, and in particular to Buffalo city Methodism, it seems appropriate that we, the members of the Methodist Ministers' Association, record our appreciation of the unusual services of our brother and our sorrow at his loss. We feel that Dr. Hunt's character and ability have so impressed themselves upon the Church in western New York during the nearly half century of his ministry that his best monument is in the Church itself, to which he gave his influence, his counsel, and his active labor. In all the respects in which a servant of Jesus Christ may make full proof of his ministry Dr. Hunt fulfilled the scriptural injunction.

As a preacher he was scriptural and forceful; as a pastor he was faithful and courteous; as a presiding elder he was considerate in relation to his brethren and a wise administrator of the business affairs of his responsible office. As trustee of educational institutions, at the head of the publishing interests of the Church, as treasurer of the Missionary Society, handling millions of money and carrying immense financial burdens through critical periods, he proved his preëminent ability and extraordinary talent in managing great trusts.

Yet amid these multitudinous cares he did not lose the vividness of his

religious experience or his capacity for the offices of friendship and brotherhood and the tender ministries of the home. A good man, as well as a great man and a prince, has fallen in our midst.

J. E. WILLIAMS,
E. E. CHAMBERS,
S. A. MORSE,
C. C. ALBERTSON.

THE ONEONTA MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION AT SANITARIA
SPRINGS, N. Y.

Information having reached us of the sudden death of Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D., senior Agent of the Methodist Book Concern at New York, we wish to record our high estimate of our deceased brother. He was born in western New York; was graduated at an early age from Allegheny College; soon thereafter joined the Genesee Conference; and was honored as pastor of leading churches, presiding elder, secretary of the Conference, trustee of educational institutions, and the like. After the death of our own Dr. Nelson, Dr. Hunt was selected as one of the Book Agents at New York, which position he has held with honor to himself and credit to the Church. He was treasurer of the Missionary Society of our Church, and handled great fortunes during the time he held that office. He was the central figure in that society's financial problems. It was a high compliment to Methodism that when the treasury was empty Dr. Hunt, because of his great integrity and business ability, could go into the money market and provide for all needs until the Church should have time to respond.

Resolved, That we are saddened in hearing of the death of our brother, Sandford Hunt, D.D.

Resolved, That we held him in warmest esteem for his own worth and the heroic and valued labor he has given the Church in varied and responsible offices.

Resolved, That we extend to Mrs. Hunt, the wife of our deceased brother, our sympathy and prayers. Since she is far from young, and is now practically alone, she is entitled to be remembered and loved and honored in the thought of all the Church.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our journal and a copy be furnished to the wife of the deceased and to the *Northern Christian Advocate*.

C. H. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

A. J. VAN CLEFT, President.

THE OFFICIAL BOARD OF THE DELAWARE AVENUE CHURCH,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

On September 29, 1895, Dr. Sandford Hunt, the first pastor of Delaware Avenue Church, preached an historical sermon on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the church. The discourse was characterized by comprehensiveness of recollection, accuracy of statement, and tenderness of spirit. He closed by reading Otway Curry's poem on "The Great Hereafter," beginning with these words:

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin ;

and ending with these lines :

Unto the great hereafter,
Aforetime dim and dark,
I freely now and gladly give
Of life my wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are past,
By angel hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.

Little did he, or we who heard him, think that so soon the quivering sails of his life bark would be furled. We mourn the death of Dr. Hunt—our friend, our brother, our one-time pastor—but we rejoice that with him the better years have begun. He was a preacher of high ideals, a faithful pastor, and a wise counselor. Those who knew him best will regret his absence most.

We extend our sympathy to his family, and pray that He whose we are and whom we serve will comfort them with exceeding hope.

S. V. PARSONS,
C. W. STANTON,
C. C. ALBERTSON.

THE TRUSTEES OF GENESEE WESLEYAN SEMINARY, LIMA, N. Y.

At a special meeting of the Trustees of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Buffalo, N. Y., February 17, 1896, called to attend in a body the funeral obsequies of the Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D., a

committee, consisting of Rev. James E. Bills, D.D., Rev. Melville R. Webster, D.D., and Alexander M. Holden, was appointed to prepare a suitable memorial.

At a meeting of said Trustees held in Rochester, N. Y., April 15, 1896, the following tribute to his memory was presented by the committee and unanimously adopted by a rising vote, and an engrossed copy ordered sent to the family of the deceased :

IN MEMORIAM.—No ordinary affliction has befallen us in the death of Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D. For nearly twenty-five consecutive years he was a member of this Board, there being left but one member who has served a longer period. Our records show that he was never absent from an annual meeting, and, until his residence in New York as Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, rarely, if ever, absent from the semiannual and special meetings. Following to the home of the immortals such men as Edwin T. Green, John Dennis, Alfred Wright, and Edmund Ocumpaugh, distinguished members of this body who in recent years died in office, this sorrow comes with cumulative force.

The name of Sandford Hunt was a synonym for honesty, integrity, industry, and is, indeed, "as ointment poured forth." He was endowed with remarkable powers, not the least of which were a patience which never wearied and a poise of judgment and self-control which never forsook him. A pulpit orator of no mean rank, clear, chaste, and impressive on all occasions ; a scholar well prepared by collegiate training for life's abundant and critical work—it is not surprising that qualities which made him preëminent in his own Conference, and especially in this board, attracted the attention of the whole Church and called him to some of its highest and most responsible duties. And it is a matter of satisfaction to us that no promotion or honor from abroad diminished his interest in, or love for, the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, and that in the midst of the most engrossing cares he found time to attend our meetings still.

We rejoice that for a quarter of a century this wise and good man has been thus intimately connected with our Conference seminary, holding at different times the office of secretary, treasurer, and the vice presidency of the board, bringing to each the conscientious care and ability which so marked his entire life. We feel that, after intelligent eulogy has exhausted its powers of penetration and analysis and set forth the distinguishing qualities of our brother, the best things, after all, have not been said. So unique, well balanced, and unobtrusive were they that they elude descrip-

tion. He was an upright Christian gentleman, pure in heart and life, doing without fret or friction the great work committed to his care. He came to the sudden end of his earthly life more loved and honored than at any previous moment.

To the bereaved family we extend our tender sympathy, and hereby instruct our secretary to furnish them a copy of this paper, and enter the same upon the journal.

ALFRED G. WRIGHT, President.

MELVILLE R. WEBSTER, Secretary.

THE BALTIMORE PREACHERS' MEETING.

In the death of the Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D., senior Publishing Agent at New York, the Church has lost the services of a true and tried servant. In the various positions to which he was called in the work of the Church he made an honorable record for ability and devotion. As one of the Agents of the Book Concern for nearly seventeen years his ability was marked for the management of the large business interests involved.

The Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Baltimore desire to place on record this minute of appreciation of his character and work, and also to express their sympathy with his family in their sudden bereavement.

LUCIEN CLARK,
W. G. HERBERT,
C. O. ISAAC.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK CITY.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Merchants' Exchange National Bank of the City of New York, held at the banking house, February 19, 1896, the president announced the death, on the tenth day of February, 1896, of Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D., one of the directors of the bank; whereupon it was resolved that the following minute be entered upon the records of the bank:

Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D., was elected director of the bank on the tenth day of January, 1893, and continued to serve in that capacity till his death. He had, as the senior Agent of the Methodist Book Concern and the treasurer of the Methodist Missionary Society and in his various relations in life, achieved a reputation for integrity, business ability, and

financial discernment that made him an important and useful member of the Board of Directors of the bank. He was kind, considerate, and religious, exemplifying at all times the Christian life; untiring in the discharge of duty; keen of perception, sound of judgment, a wise counselor, a true friend, honored and beloved by his associates.

We, as a board—and may all that knew him, as they bow in submission to God's holy will—thank Him for the inspiration of that noble example for the high mind which commanded our respect, for the Christian gentleness which won our hearts, and for that sublime consecration to duty which made his life grand in its success.

To the family of our deceased associate we offer our deepest sympathy, and condole with them in the sorrow which comes from the severance of earth's dearest and most tender relations.

Resolved, That a copy of the minute, duly attested by the president, be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

P. C. LOUNSBURY, President.

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1. Hunt, Sandford, 1825-1896.

